

Flower's Fate

In a spring fest amidst the frenzy,
A hyacinth was seen smitten to the ground,
Its carcass lay prostrate,
People walked over it unknowingly.

A flower is a statement that nature's heart is opulent,
To shower itself on its onlookers,
It asks for nothing in return -
Not even its memory.

The world tramples over many a flower,
In the name of democracy and efficiency,
The essence of life is always the least imperative -
Progress is always favored.

In every life flowers bloom,
But not everyone takes them specially,
Many of them are marauded,
Many are not even noticed.

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